

Godzilla: Prison Break by DoctorpooandtheTURDIS

Series: [Go, Go, Godzilla \[10\]](#)

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Genre: Mind Games, Mirror Universe, Multi, prison break - Freeform

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Godzilla, Holly Wheeler, Ilene Chen, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Karen Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Madison Russell, Mark Russell (Godzilla), Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Mothra (Kaiju), Queen Ghidorah, Rick Stanton, Rodan (Kaiju), Serizawa Ishiro, SpaceGodzilla (Godzilla), Vivienne Graham, Will Byers, William Stenz, Zilla Jr. | Godzilla Junior, Zone Fighter - Character

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Eleven | Jane Hopper/SpaceGodzilla, Godzilla & Eleven | Jane Hopper, Godzilla (Legendary | MonsterVerse) & Madison Russell, Godzilla (Legendary | MonsterVerse)/Madison Russell, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler/Queen Ghidorah, Will Byers/Eleven | Jane Hopper, Will Byers/Madison Russell

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Summary:

It's all a calm, normal day on Monster Island, until things go awry when Jane, El's psychotic, murderous double from the Mirror Universe, shows up out of nowhere with a deal. She wants to get Gojira out of the void in which he was trapped, and in exchange, she'll help El fix a problem she didn't even know need fixing-

Rescuing Hopper from a gulag in Russia.

The real question is:

Can Jane really be trusted?

(PART TWO OF THREE)

1. A Normal Day on Monster Island

Kamchatka , Russia. 1986.

Jim Hopper grunted as he was thrown back into his cell. The former Hawkins PD chief of police let out a furious sigh as he sat down on his bed. Roughness like this wasn't out of the ordinary, quite the opposite. In fact, out of everyone there, he got the least of it.

High-value prisoner. All that meant was he was too valuable to beat to a pulp

The heavy steel cell door clanged shut, and Hopper could barely bring himself to look up as the Russians threw another man in with him.

It never lasted too long. Whoever they dropped in here was almost always dragged back out. This person was different, however.

A muscular man in what looked like a strange, form-fitting yet flexible armor, with very distinctly non-human features.

The man was muttering something in a strange, incomprehensible language, and Hopper frowned curiously, approaching.

"Hey," Hopper looked him over, "You alright?"

The man's injuries were widespread, cuts, burns, and breaks all over his body.

"The last..." The man finally muttered in broken English. "I am the last..."

"Hold on," Hopper told him, "HEY!" He bellowed to the guards. "Get a damn doctor in here! You hear me, you sick fucks!?" He looked back down to the man. "Don't worry, I'll get you help."

"Help...? No... no help..." He mumbled. "Too late..." His eyes creaked open, and he stared at Hopper. "Zone... Fight... Power..." He wheezed, head falling back on the concrete.

“What?” Hopper asked, “Hey, stay with me!” He tried to shake the man back awake, only to receive an enormous electric shock that blasted him back into the wall. “AUGH, GOD!” He cursed, feeling it course through his veins like he was on fire.

“Use... it...” The man breathed, his eyes becoming cloudy. “Wisely...”

Hopper looked on, confused beyond all rational thought, as the man’s eyes closed, and his body *evaporated*...

“What the hell?”

“So,” Mike idly tossed a coin in the air, catching it over and over, as he lounged out on his couch. Max, Lucas, and Dustin were there too, and at the moment, they were busy trying to figure out where to go to spend their Friday night, “What do you guys want to do?”

Unbeknownst to his friends, Mike had another friend in an enormous, three-headed dragon. *Queen* Ghidorah (not to be confused with the *King* Ghidorah that nearly succeeded at killing Godzilla before he could even really start his monster-fighting career). Three distinct versions of El that had been taken and forged into a weapon, and then sent to their world to kill Godzilla.

Upon their arrival, however, Queen Ghidorah swiftly decided that wasn’t what she wanted out of her life, and sought Mike out. Now, she was a part of his life, a hidden protector tucked constantly out of sight, but there in his mind if he just concentrated on feeling her presence.

The others didn’t know about her, however. The original Ghidorah almost killed Godzilla, and killed thousands of people. Forgive him for not wanting to tell them until he was sure they wouldn’t freak out.

“I don’t know...” Max ambivalently sighed. “It’s all the same around here. We could see a movie?”

“We’re broke as shit.” Dustin hung upside-down on the couch.

“Arcade?” Lucas suggested.

“Broke as shit.” Dustin repeated.

Mike frowned in deep thought. There hadn’t been much to do anymore after Starcourt was leveled, although it was for the best, all things considered. “How about we-“

A knocking on the basement door rang throughout the space, all heads snapping to it.

“Not it!” Dustin instantly proclaimed, followed by Max.

Mike turned to Lucas, who shrugged. “Your house.”

Mike sighed, walking over to the door. He pushed the curtains aside, and immediately, his frustrations at being forced to answer it evaporated as he saw who was on the other side, and scrambled to open the door.

“El!” Mike breathed with a smile, seeing her there. If she was here... maybe she’d forgiven him for everything in New York. Maybe she was ready to take him back.

El looked away from the... whatever it was she was looking at and looked to Mike. A small smile crossed her lips, although her eyes didn’t quite light up all the way. “Hey, Mike.” She stood there, wearing the same outfit she had on the day that mess went down at Starcourt, although she did look fine other than that.

“El...” Mike smiled. “You, uh- you came back.”

El nodded, glancing into the basement. “Can I...?”

“Oh, yeah, yeah.” Mike stepped aside, allowing El entry, before shutting the door.

Dustin fell off the couch. “Holy shit, El!” He ran over, enveloping her in an excited hug. El’s eyes bugged out as he spun her around, and she shook her head, chasing away her disorientation. “It’s been for-freaking-ever! How’ve you been?”

El gasped, as her hand went up to his jaw, prying it open.

“Ow, hey!”

“Teeth.” El noted, befuddled at the sight of the bones in his mouth.

Dustin pushed her hand down, wrinkling his nose. “Yeah, you *know* that. What, did you forget I had those or something?”

“...Yeah.” El said, turning around to look at Lucas. She looked him up and down before nodding.

“Hey, El!” Max walked over with a smile. “Why didn’t you say you were coming out here? We could’ve made plans! Away from him.” Max directed to Mike.

El looked Max up and down distastefully, distancing herself from the girl.

Max huffed, rolling her eyes. “If this is about the drama I caused again, I’m telling you, I was right, New York only-“

“Max,” Mike glanced at her, “For once in your life, shut the hell up.”

Max recoiled as though struck. “Oh no... you did *not* just say that to my face!”

“I did, and I’ll go it again!”

The other two boys groaned. “Guys, please... El’s here for the first time in *months*, don’t ruin it with another goddamn pissing match!” Dustin screeched.

“Yeah,” Lucas readily agreed, earning him a look of distaste from Max, “What? You can’t be right all the time. I mean-“

“Let’s-“ El stepped in. “All calm down, huh? It’s been a while... why don’t we catch up?” She suggested, smiling.

“Sure,” Mike nodded enthusiastically, “Yeah, that sounds like a great idea.” Especially since he hadn’t talked to her over the radio in quite a while. “What’ve you been up to on that oil rig? How are things

going at Monarch?”

“Oh, you know, same old, same old.” El waved the inquiry away. “I was wondering more about *you* guys.”

“Well,” Dustin flopped down on the couch, “It’s not as busy as all that shit with interdimensional aliens, but we’ve been *busy*.”

“All right...” El nodded, grinning. “Tell me *all* about it.”

The group began to do exactly that, all of them listing the events that happened since they last saw her in New York. As they talked, El listened, her dark fiery orange eyes locked on each of them in rapt attention.

Mike blinked, looking at El again.

Weren’t her eyes brown?

In a cave on Monster Island, the King of the Monsters lay flat on his belly, sleeping serenely without a care in the world, the responsibilities he held all far out of mind as he blissfully lost himself in dreamland.

A loud, high-pitched wine suddenly rang throughout his den as the speakers crackled to life, and Godzilla popped his eyes open in response. Piano and trumpets filtered out of the speakers, waking him up fully.

“Hold me close and hold me fast,”

Godzilla got to his feet, rotating his upper body around slightly, cracking some kinks out of his back, as the loudspeakers on the island whined to life, filling his den with the echoing sounds of music. There had once been an actual *alarm* tone, but after the fifth time the speakers had to be replaced, they wisely decided to have it play music instead.

“This magic spell you cast,”

Godzilla cleared some gunk out of his throat, coughing as quietly as physically possible, as he walked out of his den.

“This is la vie en rose,”

Godzilla stood at the entrance, fists on his hips, as he looked over his domain, the sun coming just over the volcano.

“When you kiss me, Heaven sighs,”

Godzilla began walking calmly, not in a rush as he went about his morning routine. The first stop was the hot spring at the heart of the island.

The King of the Monsters plunged his head into the water, shaking it off like a dog, as he swished the searing water around in his mouth, allowing it to clean off the bacteria and associated nastiness.

Maddie hated his morning breath.

“And though I close my eyes,”

Godzilla spat out the water into a separate stream nearby, letting it drain out into the ocean harmlessly. With that done, he stood back up, turning around to head in a new direction.

“I see la vie en rose,”

Godzilla walked along the natural pathways carved out by his normal movement through the island, on a course to Castle Bravo.

As he approached, he could see two figures standing at the pre-arranged meeting point, and he smiled to himself.

Godzilla finally reached it, bending down to look at the two humans. *“Morning Maddie.”* He said to his love. He then turned to the girl by her side. *“Morning EL.”* He directed to his sister.

“Hey, big guy.” Maddie replied.

“What are you guys doing?” He asked, looking between the both of them.

“Just talking.” El answered, turning her attention back to Maddie. “So... that was when Hopper came in, and said that Mike’s nana was in trouble.”

“No...” Maddie put her head in her hands. “He didn’t.”

El nodded in long-resigned frustration. “He did. Made a whole mess of Mike and me’s relationship. Then *Max* got into the picture, and-ugh.” El frustratedly threw her arms up. “I don’t like talking about it. Because of those two, summer was *hell*.”

“...Well, maybe it was a good idea.” Maddie said. “You calling it quits with Mike. If only two people can throw a wrench into your relationship, then maybe it’s for the best. You’re not the same people you were back in ’83.

“*Sorry*,” Godzilla looked between the two of them, “*What’d I walk into?*”

“It’s nothing,” El shook her head.

“...*El, don’t make me pill out the ‘sis.’*”

El sighed. “Fine... My birthday is coming up, and it got me thinking... about everything. It feels like... years. Everything does.”

Godzilla closed his eyes, slowly nodding. “*Yeah... I know what you mean. So, how’d you guys get on the subject of Mike?*”

“I was thinking about how I called it quits...” El shifted nervously in her seat. “And... if it was really for the best. He loves me-“

“*El*,” Godzilla cut her off at the past, “*Relationships are two-way streets. Mike wants to be happy, sure, but you can’t stay in something that doesn’t make you happy. That’s not a relationship, it’s imprisonment. Do what’s good for you first.*”

“Right...” El nodded slowly. “I guess... I should call him.” She said. “Tell him the truth.”

Maddie looked at her. “The truth?”

"That... I don't want to get back with him." El shrugged. "The past year has been... something. The past *six months*... I've been happy here. More than I ever was in Hawkins... More than *he* ever made me happy." She looked between her brother and his girlfriend with a happy look. "They were friends, there... but you guys are *family*."

"Aww, El..." Maddie grinned, pulling the other girl into a hug. "Same here."

"Now, enough about relationships. We'd fail the Bechdel Test so fast it's not funny. You guys see any cool movies recently?" He wondered, looking between them.

"Yeah!" Maddie replied, looking up. "Did you hear they're making another Star Trek series!?"

"About time," Godzilla rumbled, *"...Though I do wonder how Bill Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, and the rest are going to be able to pull that off."*

"It's not going to focus on the original cast."

"...Mads?"

"Yes?"

"Get in my hand, we're going to blow up Paramount."

2. Queen Ghidorah to the Rescue!

A clang rang throughout Castle Bravo's command center as Rick slammed something down on his desk, quickly moving to hook it up.

"...Rick," Mark looked down from his newspaper inquisitively, "What are you doing?"

"Playing the lottery." He replied, deadpan. "I'm hooking up a computer, what does it look like I'm doing!?" He retorted, plugging in countless cables and whatnot into each other.

"...A computer." Vivienne turned around. "...Doesn't look like any computer I've ever seen." She noted, looking at the slick, flatscreen monitor, the main PC itself glowing with light.

"Of course it isn't!" Rick replied. "This isn't your bog-standard IBM or Mac! This baby," He patted it giddily, "Is a Think Machine! Our latest bit of tech so kindly provided to us by Apex Laboratories."

"No way," Serizawa shot over, looking like a kid on the schoolyard seeing another kid's shiny new toy, "They actually managed to make the thing!?"

Rick nodded excitedly. "They did!" He turned to the others in the room, about to explain. "This bad boy can perform at 2.4 million MIPS. One *terabyte* of internal memory, a full color *high-resolution* display, and water-cooling!"

"...Rick," Vivienne spoke up, "How much did this cost?"

"Not much, you know, only about fifty-million dollars."

The others in the room, save for Serizawa, spluttered and coughed.

"Fifty *million*!?" Ilene repeated.

"Hey, what you're looking at is more powerful than government *supercomputers*!" Rick retorted, hooking up and activating the machine. "Besides, I didn't say that's how much *I* spent."

Mark crossed his arms. "What are you talking about?"

"The head honcho over at Apex Labs called me up, said 'hey, we've got this *amazing* new computer we need to put through its paces. It can run all sorts of programs at once, all you need is monitors and keyboards, and you could have just one computer run your entire operation.'" Rick outlined, still hooking the machine up. "I said 'Sure, I'll take it,' so, lo and behold!" He gestured to it. "The new brain of Castle Bravo!"

Vivienne turned to Serizawa, the Japanese man looking back in confusion. She violently tilted her head in Rick's direction, and Serizawa cleared his throat.

"...Rick, that was an impulsive and stupid decision." Serizawa stated. "I'm proud of you."

"Doctor Serizawa!" Vivienne breathed out, affronted.

"What?" The man asked in response. "It's the most powerful computer on earth, they gave it to us for free, and we've been meaning to upgrade the systems for a while now. You've always said I should be more frugal about these things."

Vivienne frustratedly sighed. "Fine. Okay. It's not like I'm second-in-command of the entirety of Monarch for a reason. Just go right over my head with these matters, it's fine."

Serizawa nodded. "I'm glad you see reason."

Vivienne, expectedly, was not amused.

"All right, everybody!" Rick clapped his hands together loudly. "There're entire pallets worth of monitors, keyboards, mice, and speakers! Help me get them and get to work!"

The others sighed, but abided, ready to help Rick get to work. They learned to just shut up and help when he was in a working mood, it would make the process go smoother.

Out of all of them, most were thinking one thought:

At least Maddie and El didn't have to deal with this.

“...Oh, yeah, chemistry's *awesome*.” Dustin gushed to El, sitting on the couch next to her. “I mean, the guy in charge there's no Mister Clarke, but it's still cool. We're learning about all the different stuff that reacts with other stuff. Like sodium and water? Boom, you've got a bomb.”

El nodded, her fiery orange irises locked on him in rapt attention. “That *is* cool. Is that all chemistry is though? Learning to blow stuff up?”

Lucas shook his head, reclining back. “Nah, it's mostly boring stuff. Chemical bonds, how things bind or neutralize, stuff like that.”

Most of the conversation, El tended to stray away from Mike, and outright *ignored* Max. Still, Mike didn't care. As long as El was there, he was happy.

The phone on the wall rang, and he got up to answer it. “Hello?”

“*Mike?*” El's voice, of all voices, came out through the phone, and Mike frowned in confusion. “*Can we- Can we talk?*”

“Um...” Mike gaped, looking at El across the room, still conversing happily with the others. “...Is this a joke?”

“A joke!?” El incredulously repeated back through the phone. “*Mike, I don't- I don't call you for anything! Stop being stupid!*”

“Wait, hold on, is this Madison!?” Mike hissed into the phone, turning away. “I swear to god, if Godzilla put you up to this knowing full well-“

“*Mike, it's me.*” El growled.

“So, I guess I can expect to believe you can broadcast your voice through the phone?”

“*No!*” El hissed. “*Well, yeah, I'm doing it now, but-*“

"Then whatever you have to say, you can say it to my face." Mike replied, placing the phone back.

It began to ring again, and Mike picked it up. "What?"

"Mike, I have to do this... and I have to do it now. It's important." El sighed. "Look... I know I said in New York I needed time." She began, and Mike's heart began to rise in his chest. "But... the more I think about it, the more I realize I don't want things to go back to how they were. You're a good friend, but... I'm happier here. I'm sorry."

Mike couldn't hear all of it, as blankly standing as he was. "Is that why you came here..." Mike hoarsely asked. "So... you could be nearby even if you had to tell me through the phone?"

"...Came there, what?" El repeated, audibly confused. "Mike, I'm not there."

"Don't be ridiculous," Mike huffed, "I can see you sitting on my couch."

El breathed in. *"Mike... that's not me."*

"Of course it is, who else would it be?"

"Mike, listen, that can't be me because I'm still on Castle Bravo."

Mike frowned, "El, cut it out, this isn't funny."

"It's not funny." El agreed. "It's serious... very serious. Mike... look at her arm, but don't be obvious that you're trying to look. What do you see on it?"

Mike squinted, looking across the way. On her wrist where the number should've been, there was something else. "There's... a cartoon Godzilla on it. Why?"

El audibly gulped. *"Mike... you need to get out of there. Find an excuse, call the cops, whatever! But don't let her stay around you guys!"*

"El, what-?" Mike looked down at the phone as it hung up.

"Something wrong?" El asked, smiling slightly as she looked at him.

Mike tried, he *really* tried not to let on that something was wrong with him. "Nothing. I just... gotta go talk to my mom." He tried, if anything, to make himself look shocked. That way, she might assume that what he'd just gotten through the phone was bad news, and leave him to break it to Karen on his own.

Fortunately, 'El' seemed more than accommodating. "Okay. We'll just talk down here then."

Mike nodded, quickly running up the steps. "Mom! Mom!" Mike ran up to her, "We need to..." Call the cops? No... as Mike's brain worked to piece the puzzle together, he realized that wouldn't be enough.

Because he had a very, *very* strong suspicion of who this girl was. And it terrified the *piss* out of him.

"Shit!" Mike suddenly cursed, leaving his mother chiding him for his language, but he disregarded it as he ran up to the second floor, into his room. "Come on, come on..." He muttered, running over to the window, opening it. He closed his eyes, thinking.

She said she'd be able to sense his calls for help whenever he needed it... this would be the test.

Mike popped his eyes open after receiving no response, and he anxiously sighed, turning around. Mike froze, as someone stood in the door.

"...Talking to your mom, are we?" 'El' asked, all pretense of kindness and friendship gone as she stood there, blankly staring holes into his soul.

"Y-You," Mike tried to move back, knocking some of his stuff over in his terrified scramble, "I know who you are." He gulped, as she walked in entirely, the door slamming itself shut behind her.

"Oh... do you?" She tilted her head. "Who am I?"

"You're Jane." Mike gulped in fear, knowing the sheer *hatred* of him

that permeated every fiber of her being via El and Godzilla's accounts. "Queen Jane Byers."

Jane smiled, a smug, despicable smile. "Oh good, you know my title..." She narrowed her eyes, flicking her head.

Mike suddenly fell to the floor, kneeling, his bones creaking under invisible pressure.

"Very good..." She laughed quietly to herself. "Yes, bow for your Queen."

"You're not-" Mike wheezed, as the house began to rattle and rumble, "You're not the Queen here."

Jane tilted her head. "And who would that be?"

Mike looked up, saying nothing, before a blast of gold lighting tore through his room, blasting Jane away, as outside, Queen Ghidorah landed, her wings crackling with the residual power.

"**Yeah!**" Ni boisterously shouted. "**Not so fun when you're on the other end of us, is it!?**"

"*Mike,*" Ichi slipped into the torn wall, looking upon him worriedly, "*Are you okay?*"

Mike coughed, "Fine. What about-"

A chunk of rubble flew, hitting Ichi in the head, as Jane clawed her way out, growling menacingly.

"**Run!**" The trio of heads ordered. "***We'll deal with her!***"

Mike gulped, as Jane took a running start, leaping through the air onto Ichi's head. The boy turned tail and ran, sprinting down the steps as fast as he could. The air rippled, part of the house coming down as Ghidorah was knocked into it by an enormous, invisible fist just as Mike made it down the steps.

"Michael!" His mother shouted at him as Holly screamed in terror in her arms. "What's going on!?"

“Later!” Mike replied, charging further down the steps. “Out through the basement!” He took charge. “Now!”

His mother looked like she wanted to argue, but with the monster from November tearing up her house, she wisely chose to shut up and follow him out.

“Mike!” Dustin screeched as they came thundering down the steps. “It’s Ghidorah! It’s alive! How the hell is it alive!?”

“Don’t worry about her!” Mike replied, ushering them out the basement door. “Worry about El! Run! Just run!”

“El!?” Max hollered.

“It’s not-“ Mike threw over his shoulder as they sprinted away. “It’s not really El! It looks like her, but- Shit!”

Dirt and dust exploded out from the ground as a power tower just nearby in the woods was uprooted, sent flying into Queen Ghidorah. The three-headed monster deftly dodged out of the way, sending her tails scraping across the ground, just narrowly managing to miss the people running across the ground.

The three heads bellowed in fury, their eyes locking on the girl being sent flying through the air, narrowly landing on her feet. Their necks crackled with power, before they each spat out a gravity beam aimed right for Jane.

The dark reflection of El snarled with rage, throwing up her hand.

San screeched in pain as an invisible fist struck her in an uppercut, sending her beam lancing off into space. San fell lazily as the beam cut, disoriented and confused.

Ichi and Ni chittered with anger, snapping at Jane as they raised one of their enormous wings and brought it down upon the house with Jane still inside.

“Run!” Mike shouted. “Run!”

“I don’t wanna die!” Dustin hollered in terror as they tried to put

some distance between them in the house.

A loud bang rang out as Ghidorah was thrown up, landing, a human flying through the air out of the house. Those on the ground fell from the impact, as Jane landed on her feet nearby, holding a knife.

Her eyes searched the place, and they locked on Holly. The young child couldn't react as Jane stomped over, kicking her mother away, grabbing Holly by the arm.

"Enough!" Jane shouted, holding the knife in front of Holly's heart with her mind.

Ghidorah got back to her feet, all three heads shaking.

"Holly!" Karen screamed.

"You bitch!" Max snarled.

"Stop it, or this won't end well for her!" Jane ordered, looking all of them dead in the eye.

"Mommy!" Holly called, trying to escape Jane's grip.

"Hey, hey, sweetie," Jane looked her over, "Don't worry, you'll be fine... if your brother and mom do as I say!" She raised her voice at them.

"Holly!" Karen tried to step closer.

"Ah!" The knife twitched, as Jane raised her voice. "Not another step! You," She glared at Mike, "Call her off!"

"Mike, what's she talking about!?" Karen hysterically asked of her son.

"Relax, mom, I'm handling it!" Mike replied, looking back to Jane. "...okay..." He whispered, before sighing. "Okay. Ghidorah... stop."

The three-headed titan glared at Jane, chittering angrily.

"Good... now, as for what I have to say." Jane said, still not letting

Holly loose. “You, hideous hair,” She looked at Mike, “I want a ride to Castle Bravo, on the double. And think twice about telling people who I am and that I’m here, or she gets it.” She threatened, waving the knife for good measure.

“Okay, okay,” Mike quickly nodded, “Dammit, just don’t hurt her.”

“Hurt her?” Jane tilted her head. “Unlike you, I’d never hurt people... without a good reason.” She glared at him. “Now, chop chop, the clock’s ticking.”

Mike glowered at her, dragging himself back over to the ruins of his house, trying to find an operable phone. He lucked out, and dialed the number for Castle Bravo.

“Are you sure this is a good idea?” Mark asked, walking into the room carrying a box of floppy disks in his arms. He put them down next to Rick, looking at the man inquisitively as around the room, at the other stations being set up with monitors, keyboards, and speakers, the rest of the command team worked to get things running. “Digitizing our *entire* archive... That doesn’t sound like a good idea. What if something happens and we don’t have backups?”

Rick looked at the man like he was freaking stupid. “Mark. Did I *tell* you to burn those files when I got done digitizing them?”

Mark crossed his arms, glowering. “No.”

“Exactly, so, we already have our backups right here.” The computer scientist smiled condescendingly, tapping the box of floppy disks and handwritten files. “All we’re doing is making copies, then you can stuff these suckers right back where you found them.”

“Fine,” Mark huffed, taking the box over, sitting it down at the station set up for him, before getting to work transcribing the physical files, “Smartass.”

The phone started to ring, filling the command room with the digital tone. It kept on, and Rick sighed. “One of you get that, please!? Damn...”

Vivienne sighed, always the one who phone duty fell to, and got up from her seat, going to answer it. "You've reached Castle Bravo," She said, "This is Vivienne Graham, to whom am I speaking?"

Vivienne frowned, as the others looked to her, curious as to who she was speaking with. "Well, yes, I can send a helicopter for you, Mike, but why?"

"...What do you mean Ghidorah's alive!?"

3. The Liar

“Jane, it’s Jane, I don’t know how, or why, or when, but it’s Jane, she’s back-“ El worriedly paced around.

“Never mind her!” Godzilla said. *“What about Gojira!? That fucking psycho!?”*

“Guys.” Maddie tried to interrupt.

“Never mind Jane!?” El repeated incredulously. “She tried to brainwash me to love her!”

“Wait, what!?”

“Yeah, she wanted me to stay with her forever so she thought she’d mess with my head to make me *want* to stay!” El explained.

“Guys.” Maddie repeated, turning to look at something approaching in the distance. An enormous three-headed silhouette, shrouded in lightning tearing through the sky.

“Jesus, El!” Godzilla shuddered. *“Why didn’t you say so!?”*

“GUYS!” Maddie shouted, bringing their attention onto her. “Look!” She pointed to the figure flying in the distance.

“Ghidorah...” El breathed, taking a defensive posture. “How is he back?”

Godzilla growled, his spines lighting up. *“I don’t know, but either way... it won’t stay that way for long.”*

The speakers on the outside of the base whined to life, crackling up quickly.

“Godzilla, stop!” Ilene ordered, causing Godzilla’s eyes to snap to the base. *“It’s not hostile! Stand down!”*

Godzilla looked to Ghidorah skeptically, before noting that although the other monster was moving quickly, it wasn’t attacking, rather... it

was following. Following a helicopter, one of the Pave Lows Monarch operated.

El and Maddie's heads looked up, following the chopper as it came down nearby, touching down on the helipad, and Godzilla watched warily as Ghidorah came to a slow landing on the island, very, very carefully.

"You..." Godzilla growled at the three-headed Titan. *"How are you here? How are you even alive?"*

"Oh, uh, well, allow us to introduce ourselves." The heads looked to each other, before bowing down slightly. *"We're QUEEN Ghidorah... we've been living with Mike for the past few months."*

Godzilla frowned. *"Living with Mike- What!?"*

"He can explain everything, but for now..." All three heads looked past, and Godzilla turned around as well.

The rear ramp of the Pave Low slowly lowered, a group of people walking out.

"...Mike!?" El recognized, as he laid eyes on her, running across.

"El..." Mike heaved, "Hey, this is-" He gestured to Ghidorah, "Queen Ghidorah. Don't worry, she's good. Friendly."

"Yeah..." Dustin shook his head, walking out of the craft as well, "I wish you would've told us that before."

"You guys are here..." El said, looking at Mike, Lucas, Dustin, and Max with shock. "Why are you guys all here?"

"...About that." Mike swallowed, turning to the helicopter.

The metal clanged as someone came striding out, a smile plastered on her face, and El went cold.

"Hello, El..." Jane smiled. "Long time no see."

Godzilla roared, glaring at his sister's double with rage.

Jane shot a look back up at him, before blowing him a sarcastic kiss.

“It’s you...” El breathed in horror, looking her dark double up and down. “How can you be here? Never mind that, *why* are you here? I saw you *die*.”

“I didn’t die.” Jane responded coldly. “Neither of us did.”

“Sorry,” Maddie entered in, “Neither of us?”

Jane turned to her, looking her up and down. “And you must be Maddie... I’ve heard a little bit about you. Back when we were talking...” She shot a glance at El.

“Answer her question.” El ordered.

Jane huffed, rolling her eyes in exasperation. “Fine, you really want to know? That little stunt you pulled with the... burning mode -very impressive by the way-“ She directed to Godzilla, “Got us distracted, but I reacted quickly enough. I shifted both of us into the Void.”

“The Void...” El repeated, shocked. She made regular use of it, but for it to be a place where beings could *physically* exist?

“That’s right...” Jane smiled. “Now... wouldn’t you like to know the reason why I came here? It’s a very good reason.”

El clenched her teeth, the air rippling around her as she readied her powers. “No reason’s good enough. Not after what you did.”

“Really?” Jane tilted her head. “Not even if I told you... Hopper is alive?”

El’s powers faded in a flash as her jaw dropped.

Jane smiled, turning around, “Come on, let’s get in front of the guys in charge. I don’t like repeating myself.”

The command personnel of Monarch, the Party from Hawkins, and Joyce stood in the command room, listening intently as Jane went

through her explanation of things from her perspective... still, they kept a tight watch on her. They remembered the story that Godzilla and El told after returning from that... living nightmare world, and Jane's part in events.

So, they watched. Watched and listened.

"...Me and my Godzilla were trapped there." Jane explained, her back turned to them as she intently examined the Apex computers around the place. "In a place of nothing. No light, no dark, no up, no down... but I could still use my powers." She explained, turning around. "And I used them to look for a way out. It was a long, involved search, and one day, I stumbled across something... A Russian prison. And a man inside. Jim Hopper."

"Bullshit." Joyce called.

Jane looked to the woman sympathetically. "I know... I know, you saw him die, vanish right in front of you... but I *also* know what I saw."

"She's right," El crossed her arms, "You're lying. He's dead."

Jane tilted her head, "Oh, El... What makes you believe that?"

"Mothra told me he was dead." El glared.

"...Did she now?" Jane asked in response. "What exactly did she say?"

"I asked her if there was an afterlife." El recalled. "She said my dad was just fine."

"Did she? Did she really?" Jane shook her head. "It sounds to me like she dodged your question."

"No." El vehemently shook her head. "She wouldn't lie to me like that."

"...Well, go ahead," Jane threw her arms out.

El frowned. "What?"

"I know what I saw, all you have to do is see it for yourself." Jane said. "You can do that, remember..." She turned her nose up. "Why haven't you looked for Hopper, huh? Don't you claim to love him? He is your... 'dad,' that is what you said?"

"That's enough," Mike stepped in.

"No," Jane's head snapped to him, "You don't get to be part of this." She turned to El. "This is about her and Hopper... Well?" She asked expectantly. "Go on. Look for him."

"I-I" El stammered, "I can't."

"Why not?" Jane asked. "Scared of what you might find?" She inquired. "I promise you, El... the only thing you will find is him. Alive."

El looked at her, before closing her eyes, turning her thoughts to Hopper. A low-frequency hum filled the air, the room going quiet, before her eyes popped back open. "Oh my God..."

"El?" Joyce looked to her, daring not to hope. "El, sweetie?"

"Oh my God!" El hyperventilated. "He's- He's- He's alive! Hopper's alive."

Jane smiled once more, "Now you're getting it."

"He's alive!" El cried in joy, before her face fell as she realized something. "She lied to me... Mothra lied to me."

"See, that's why I'm here now." Jane looked to everyone. "Hopper is trapped in a Russian prison in Kamchatka. I want to help you bring him home."

"Bring him home?" Serizawa repeated incredulously. "We're scientists. Not commandos. And what's in it for you?"

"You're not." Jane granted, "As for me... I want what I've always wanted." Her look turned tender as she looked back to El. "A home. A family..."

“A family?” Lucas huffed. “You’ve become the Queen of Evil because you’re lonely?”

“Not lonely,” Jane turned to him, “Angry. My whole life I’ve been used by someone or another. The only one who really understood me was Gojira...” She turned away. “And he’s still trapped in the Void.”

“That’s what this is about.” Mark guessed, crossing his arms. “You want us to help you let him out.”

Jane huffed, smiling sardonically. “Am I that obvious?” She sighed. “Yes... I’m not strong enough to get him out of there on my own...” She turned to El, hopeful. “But the *two* of us, working together... we can bring him out. Bring him home.”

El’s jaw dropped, and although she was still reeling from the shock of learning that *Hopper was alive*, was dumbstruck by the proposal. “You want to bring *him* out too!? That’s insane! He’s killed *millions*! So have you!”

“And what makes it different?” Jane asked, as the others looked at her with newfound wariness. “The fact that I’m you?”

“No!” El hissed. “You’re offering to help us! But the moment he gets loose, you two are going to go around killing again!”

“El,” Jane looked at her, pleading, “All we want to do is go home... what if it was you, huh? I’m offering you help... all you have to do is help me. Then, we can get out of your hair, no problem. Come on...” Jane pestered. “Don’t you want your father back?”

“...yeah...” El stared blankly into space. “I do miss him...”

The room fell silent, the only thing being the clicking of the machines calculating away endlessly.

“No.” Joyce spoke up first.

El snapped to look at her. “Mom?”

“I miss him too...” Joyce gulped. “But he’s in *Russia*. And we’re technically a government organization. We could start a *war* with

this.”

“But Joyce-!” El insisted.

“No buts,” The woman remained steadfast, “We’ll find a way to bring him home... the right way.”

“I can’t just sit here!” El retorted.

“That’s what we have to do.”

“I- but- argh!” El hissed, storming off in a huff. Jane looked to the door she departed out of, turning back to the rest.

“I’ll be lurking around here in case you all change your minds.” Jane smiled, walking off to follow El.

“...I don’t trust that bitch at *all*.” Dustin spoke up first.

“You’re probably right on that front, kid.” Rick said, staring at the door. “She’s got all the makings of a disaster waiting to happen.” He turned to them properly, “How did you guys say she got you to call for a chopper?”

“She threatened my baby sister with a knife.” Mike hissed through gritted teeth.

Vivienne flinched. “Yes... definitely unstable.” She commented, turning to Serizawa. “What do you think?”

“...I think for now, it would be best if you children also remain here.” Serizawa told them. “We’ll inform your families.”

“Wait.” Max held up a hand. “She’s threatened us all already... so you guys think it’s a good idea to keep us here *with* her!?”

“It’s not merely for your protection, more the protection of your families and innocents.” Serizawa reasoned.

“Oh, good, so we’re chopped liver.” Lucas huffed.

“For the duration of your stay here, I believe it would be best if we

were to assign you all guardians.” Vivienne furrowed her brow.

Mike scoffed. “We don’t need babysitters-“

“I’m not talking about security guards.” Vivienne replied. “I’m talking about a guardian monster.”

“Oh, you’ve gotta be kidding!” Mark said, “Madison is one thing, but having a gaggle of kids around giant monsters!?”

“It really *would* be the safest thing for them.” Vivienne said. “Hmm... Dustin, you head off with Dart.” She told him. “He seems like a good fit for you.”

The curly-haired boy grinned. “Zilla Junior. Nice.”

“Michael, since you apparently already have a... bond with her,” Vivienne looked at him warily, “You’ll go with... *Queen* Ghidorah.”

“Yeah, we need to talk about that, still, by the way!” Rick interjected. “And if it’s trustworthy!”

“She’s made of three different versions of El who got pulled into that Void and changed.” Mike quickly explained. “She’s trustworthy.”

The crowd blankly blinked, before Vivienne turned her attention to the last two. “Now... you two. Godzilla already has his hands full with Madison... Mothra’s likely to be the current target of El’s ire, so Rodan would be a good opt-“

“I want Kong.” Max crossed her arms.

“*Kong* is on an island on the other side of the planet,” Ilene looked at Max, “It would take *days* to transport him here, and that’s *if* we can pull him away from Doctor Who and Jia.”

Dustin frowned. “Doctor Who? You mean like the show?”

Ilene shook her head. “No. He’s a Doctor, and his last name is Who. Or, so he says. I think he just calls himself that to make himself look mysterious.”

“Regardless,” Vivienne cut back in, “Of our Kong Observer’s name, the fact remains is that he’s not here right now. So, you two, get with Rodan.”

“The bird made out of lava...” Lucas recognized. “Fun.”

“Don’t worry, they’re nice.” Vivienne told them. “Come on, let me show you.”

Godzilla stood with his arms crossed, glaring at the second Ghidorah standing in front of him. The trio of heads barred their teeth in response, looking him in the eye. Blue light ran up his back, pulsing like a heartbeat. Yellow lightning crackled from her wings in response.

Godzilla uncrossed his arms, wiggling his thumbs, and Ghidorah scowled, dropping down.

“What are you doing?” Maddie demanded, looking up at him from her vantage point on a nearby cliff wall.

“Opposable thumbs.” Godzilla answered. *“It wins dominance arguments every time.”*

“Lucky for you, we’ve got no interest in fighting you.” Ghidorah rumbled as one. ***“Else, you’d be on the ground now.”***

Godzilla snorted. *“Lady, I’ve dealt with the original, and they were a mite bit more threatening than you.”* He narrowed his eyes, looking her up and down. *“You protected Mike, I hear?”*

Ghidorah’s heads all looked away.

“Tried to.” Ichi murmured.

“Almost did.” Ni whispered.

“But that meanie grabbed Holly and tried to hurt her instead!” San hissed.

"Hmm..." Godzilla looked each head over individually. Honestly, he didn't care if they claimed to be versions of El (Which was concerning in and of itself, if Jane was willing to kidnap versions of herself and use them as killing machines. It was either narcissistic at best... clearing out the competition at worst.) but he *was* concerned if they were a threat to him and his.

After a moment of scrutiny, the King of the Monsters gave a single, approving nod.

"Uh, what does, what does that mean?" San asked worriedly. "We didn't ask a question, did we?"

"No," Maddie stepped in, "That just means he likes you."

Godzilla nodded in agreement. *"You defended my friends... even if you failed. That means you're good in my book."* Godzilla rumbled. *"But, I will still be keeping an eye on you... you understand."*

"Hey, dad!" Dart came swinging over. *"I heard the helicopters, and the lightning, and the arguing, and the approval-"* He motor-mouthed, looking at Ghidorah curiously. *"Are you really her!? Are you really Aunt El?"*

"Um..." Ghidorah's heads looked at each other, then back to him. *"Sure. Kind of."*

Dart chuckled. *"Radical."*

"Mothra!" El came storming out of the base, walking across the island down the path to Mothra's waterfall. "Mothra!"

"...Uh oh." Godzilla rumbled. *"I don't know what that's about, but I wouldn't want to get involved."* He commented, as El disappeared into the underbrush.

"Dart!" Vivienne called, leading the teenagers over to the crowding monsters.

"Whatever happened, it wasn't me!" Dart squawked, his head snapping down to look at her.

"Relax," Godzilla rumbled, turning to look down as well, *"What's going on here?"*

Maddie sighed, relaying the message.

"We're assigning guardians to the children." Vivienne explained. *"Dart, Dustin's with you."* She pointed, pushing the teenager forward.

"Damn..." Dustin whistled. *"You got big."*

"Hmph, yeah I did." Dart rumbled, before groaning. *"Do I have to? I want to go mess with the sharks later!"*

Godzilla crossed his arms. *"I think it'd be a good learning experience for you."*

"..." Dart growled, *"Fine, whatever,"* He bent down, *"Hop up dude!"* He ordered, *"We're gonna go make trouble!"*

"Trouble!?" Maddie repeated as Dustin jumped onto Dart's head. *"D'Artagnan Russell!"*

"Dustin!" The others shouted as Dustin took a steady grip, holding on tight.

"Sorry, guys!" Dustin called down as Dart sprinted off into the woods of the island. *"Destiny waits for no man! YEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-HAW!"*

The others sighed in exasperation, and Godzilla turned to Maddie, raising an eyebrow.

"What?" Maddie demanded.

"D'Artagnan Russell?" Godzilla questioned.

"He gravitated to me first, so he's my kid."

"...Eh, fair enough."

"Mothra!" El stormed into the cave behind the waterfall, squarely on the warpath.

The titanic divine moth opened her eyes, looking down at El. “Ah... greetings, my child. What brings you around-?”

“Don’t act all nice and sweet with me!” El scowled. “You lied to me!”

“...about what, pray tell?”

“About Hopper!” El elaborated through angrily gritted teeth. “I asked you! I asked you if he was alive and you said he wasn’t!”

“I believe your question was; ‘Is there an afterlife,’” Mothra replied, “And I said that your father was all right. ”

“Don’t get smart with me!” El pointed. “You knew! You *knew* he was alive, and you told me he was dead! Why- Why would you *do* that!? What’s *wrong* with you!?”

Mothra turned away, saying nothing.

“Fine...” El nodded testily. “I get it. I guess I know who my real friends are now.” She spun around, going to march out

“*El-I!*”

“Don’t talk to me!” El hissed, charging off into the forest.

Mothra sighed, curling in on herself as El stormed away.

4. Little Runaways

El sat on a log in a small alcove, sniffing and crying to herself, feeling betrayed. Mothra had lied, and the others didn't even want to go rescue him.

"...Is this seat taken?" Jane asked, revealing herself to be standing there, causing El to turn to her.

"...Go ahead." El weakly shrugged, and Jane sat down next to her. Even if her dark twin wanted to hurt her... El couldn't find it within her to fight back. "She lied to me... I can't believe she lied to me..."

"Ah... Now, you understand my pain." Jane closed her eyes, sitting still. "The only one who you can ever trust to be completely on your side... is yourself."

El looked to her, frowning. "You knew she lied."

"I had to let you find that out for yourself." Jane explained. "If I'd simply *told* you... would you have believed me?"

"...no," El granted, turning away, "I guess not." She let out a little choked sob, hiding her face, "But she- She knew... we could've rescued him by now, but she lied... and nobody else *wants* to rescue him."

"You do." Jane pointed out. "And you is all you need..."

El looked up, confusedly frowning. "What?"

"You're the most powerful human being that's ever lived." Jane replied. "And this time... there's two of us. You don't *need* anybody else to do this with you... you have me."

El shook her head, "There's... no way to get there." She weakly protested, trying to find an excuse.

"There is." Jane gestured to the unattended Pave Low on the helipad.

El looked at her dark twin, her jaw dropping. "You know how to fly?"

"I watched the pilot." Jane answered. "It's easy..." She turned to El with a smile. "We always were fast-learners, weren't we?"

"...what are you saying?" El asked.

"It's obvious, isn't it?" Jane tilted her head. "I'll help you rescue Hopper... if you help me rescue my Godzilla."

El looked down at Jane's outstretched hand, pausing for a beat. She took it, grasping Jane's hand tightly. "Okay... Okay. You help me, I help you."

Jane grinned. "Exactly. Come on," She got to her feet, "Let's get out of here before they can stop us."

"...These are some very serious accusations you're throwing out, Doctor Serizawa." General Stenz told the Japanese man, his face on the video monitor occasionally distorting with static. *"An American citizen being held prisoner in a Russian Gulag? That's heavy stuff."*

"I know," Serizawa nodded, hunched over the screen, looking down at it, "But you know I wouldn't mention it unless I was absolutely certain."

"I can't deny you that," The man admitted, *"But at the same time, you haven't given me any evidence to justify sending a nuclear spy-plane into hostile airspace."*

"General," Serizawa addressed, "The information I've received is legitimate. I have to ask you not to pry into how we know, but trust that we do know."

Stenz shook his head, *"I'm sorry, Doctor, but I can't risk sparking a diplomatic incident when the only justification I have is your word. Defiant is to remain where she is unless you can get me some concrete evidence. Stenz out."* He pressed the button, the feed going dark.

Serizawa sighed, shaking his head, as a woman peeked her head into the room.

“...nothing?” Joyce asked, already knowing the answer.

“It looks that way...” Serizawa sighed. “My apologies, Mrs. Byers. But, rest assured that I will do everything in my power as Director of Monarch to find the evidence we need to bring him home.”

The corners of Joyce mouth tilted up, not used to having any sort of government agency squarely on *her* side. “Thank you... I suppose sending my son is out of the question?”

“Unfortunately, yes.” Serizawa rubbed the bridge of his nose. “While Gojira would certainly have no issue dealing with whatever opposition he would come across, at best any attack on the facility would be seen as unprovoked and it would paint him as an unrepentant beast, and at worst, Monarch would be blamed for sending him in, and it would spark an international incident.”

Joyce slowly nodded, regretfully. “Which is the last thing we need with tensions running so high.”

“Precisely.” Serizawa stated. “But, all we need is proof, and now that we *know* he’s in that prison... all we have to do is find it.”

“Right...” Joyce nodded.

“I’ll get Rick on the task,” Serizawa stated, “Trust me... we’ll bring him home.”

Joyce swallowed, feeling uneasy, but tried to have hope. Serizawa and his people had watched Godzilla for quite a while before she came back into his life. She could trust him to find Hopper, and find a way to bring him home.

Unbeknownst to her... they’d soon have bigger problems.

The two girls carefully crossed the base’s exterior platform, ducking, dodging, and weaving between the scattered objects on the surface. Eventually, they came to the empty helicopter, and hopped in.

El looked around warily, even as she got into the co-pilot’s seat.

“You’re... you’re *sure* you can fly this?”

Jane smiled reassuringly, sitting down next to her, putting on a headset, handing another to El. “Positive. Have some faith in yourself.”

El frowned as she put on the headset. It irked her, hearing Jane refer to them as though they still were the same person... she was *nothing* like Jane. “What about... gas?”

Jane looked up at her, even as she did the instrument checks. “Gas?”

“Yeah, cars need gas, boats need gas, planes need gas, helicopters need gas too.” El reasoned. “Do we have enough to get us all the way to Russia?”

“Don’t worry,” Jane pointed to a little canister in the back, strapped to the side, “See?”

El frowned, reading the name on the outside. “Apex Laboratories MO-1, handle with care...” She looked to Jane. “What is it?”

“Micro-Oxygen,” Jane answered, “A week’s worth of fuel crammed into a container the size of a fire hydrant, and we’ve already got the stuff *in* the helicopter’s fuel tank.” She looked to El. “We’ll make it.”

El frowned. “How do you know that?”

“I’ve been... watching you guys.” Jane admitted, as the rotors spun up, and they began to lift off the ground, the girl keeping the stick steady. “Had to pass the time somehow.”

El looked at her, scrutinizing, as Castle Bravo and Monster Island began to recede behind them. “Why are you doing this?”

“...I... I suppose I feel...” Jane shrugged. “Guilty. I want to make things right.”

El frowned skeptically, her eyes narrowing at her dark double. She very carefully reached out with a mental feeler, trying to get a sense of what Jane’s mind was like. Her double didn’t react, even as El got a close look.

El felt a shiver run up her spine as she got a sense of just how utterly *broken* a person Jane was. There were things there that reminded El of herself, yes. An endless curiosity about the world, desire to find a place to belong... yet all of it was... strange. She hesitated to use the term *corrupted*, but that's what it seemed like to her.

There were dark tendrils, a poisonous growth spreading in Jane's very mind, taking what little positive feelings she had and twisting them for another end, and taking the bad feelings and blowing them out-of-proportion. Most concerningly, it didn't feel like *Jane*. If it was just the way psychological trauma manifested, then it would still *feel* like her... but it didn't feel like her at all.

Something else had gotten into Jane's mind... and El knew exactly what.

El always wondered if Maddie and Godzilla's connection was just telepathy... or if they *literally* influenced the way each other thought about things. She supposed she got sort of an answer, looking at Jane.

And then, El began to feel dread as a horrible possibility took hold in her thoughts. What if Jane never really wanted to do all of it? What if the truly psychotic one was Gojira, and his mental presence was just too domineering for Jane to fight against, twisting her to think like him, to act like him... to love him, even though he was truly monstrous?

If that was the case, then releasing Gojira... it wouldn't end well. Not for anyone who he was sure to deem an affront to him, and certainly not for Jane, who would go back to being what amounted as a blissfully unaware slave, unable to realize what position she was even in.

"...Why do you love him?" El asked Jane, trying to get a feel for her double. "Gojira- yours, I mean."

Jane frowned, looking out through the window, deep in thought. "He understands me."

El frowned in return, tilting her head. "Understands you?"

“Yeah,” Jane replied, “Not like Mike did. Mike had been told what I’d been through, but Gojira... he *truly* understands, and not just because we share memories.” She let out a wistful sigh. “He knows what it’s like, to have people chew you up and throw you away... to constantly be expected to be a perfect little servant for others...” Jane smiled, her fiery orange eyes glazing over with adoration. “He completes me. And I complete him.”

“But he’s *killed* people.” El pointed out. “*Millions.*”

“But do you know what *else* he’s done?” Jane asked in response. “He ended the Cold War. Dismantled so many corrupt governments across the planet. The AIDS crisis had gotten under control, nuclear disarmament was proceeding faster than the nukes had been made, our world was headed towards *true peace*... and then you and yours showed up and kicked us into the void. I can’t *imagine* what things are like over there now.” Jane looked at her sternly. “You thought we killed millions, you don’t have any *idea* what kind of destruction a power vacuum like the one we left would cause.” El’s dark double looked back out the cockpit. “Maybe you thought you were ‘saving’ our world, but you weren’t. You doomed it.”

El turned away, crossing her arms. “...I don’t blame you. For going bad.”

“I didn’t go bad.” Jane replied. “I grew up. The world’s too big to change it through words... but it’s still small enough to change if you smash it.”

El silently shook her head, not believing that for a second. There was *always* a better way. A way to change without violence, without hatred...

Jane just didn’t want to let go of her anger.

In some ways, Jane was what El would’ve become, had she stayed with Kali.

El began to think. She couldn’t let Jane let Gojira out of the void. *He* was the psychotic one, and there was no doubt in her mind that once he was out, he’d go right back to causing destruction... probably even

worse destruction since he would no doubt be raring for revenge.

And there was no *telling* what he'd be able to do. Jane had turned three people into a new Ghidorah, after all... who knows what she did to Gojira.

What Jane needed was to leave Gojira, but how to get that to happen? Straight talking wouldn't work, not if Gojira had his talons still buried deep in her mind, but there might have been another way...

Jane had tried to... 'flay' (El didn't like to use that word, it reminded her too much of Battrra) her, to make El want to stay so Jane would have a family, but what if El could do something similar? Not twist Jane's mind to agree, but to purge Gojira's influence?

El frowned, settling in for the trip, and closing her eyes. Jane would be too preoccupied flying to try anything, and even if she found a way to split her attention, it wouldn't matter. El wasn't going to sleep.

She was going into her mind.

5. The Rescue Mission

Snow fell like powder blowing in the wind as Hopper, finally outside of a prison cell, though still certainly imprisoned, worked tirelessly. They couldn't get anything out of him anymore, so now... they put him to work, working on a rail line still under construction.

It was better than being locked in a cell... but he was still being held captive.

Hopper drove a spike into the ground, before wiping a bead of sweat off his forehead, looking down at his arm.

This was becoming too easy for him. Too easy. Whatever that guy they brought in did to him, it certainly had an effect.

Hopper sighed, the sound of a diesel engine filling the air, and he looked over, as an eighteen-wheeler rolled into the work camp, hauling a shipping container with the company logo of Petrox Oil proudly stamped on the side.

The man watched, curious, as a group of soldiers went to the back of the truck, opening it, revealing heavy canisters, like giant propane cans, filled with glowing blue liquid. They began to unload the substance, wheeling it into the high-security warehouse.

Hopper frowned, getting back to work...

But not without keeping a close eye on the workers.

The Russian workers, troops of only the highest security clearance, walked into the base, flanking convoys of forklifts carrying the strange, glowing blue fluid. The transports passed through the array of security checkpoints, heading down into an enormous, underground warehouse.

The place had once been a storage site for heavy weapons. Artillery shells, ballistic missiles, and nuclear devices had, at one point in time, lined the racks inside, but now it was empty, the space cleared

out to make room for one device.

Scientists stood in an observation room above, watching as the soldiers and workers unloaded the transports, hooking the canisters of electric blue liquid to the machines with hoses. Something clicked, lights switching off to conserve power, and alarm bells began to ring, as the lattice of machinery in the center of the room began to spin up to full strength.

The device was pointed towards the wall, an array of spinning emitters providing focus for the device's function. After a few moments, they spun up to full speed, and a bolt of energy was fired toward the wall, stopping in midair.

A black sphere, the edges glowing purple, began to grow, frozen, suspended in the air.

Boots clacked on the concrete as a man wearing an advanced hazard suit, what appeared to be futuristic powered armor with the USSR's emblem stamped on the chest, approached the aperture.

He stood, staring at the rippling surface, as a figure faded into view, what looked like Godzilla, only... different. Its skin looked more like the uneven, jagged surface of a crystal deposit, and towering crystal shards jutted out from its shoulders.

The Soviets called him SpaceGodzilla. A Crystalline Entity from a realm of existence no human had ever seen, let alone been to. And they were trying to bring him through.

SpaceGodzilla reached out, his claw about to graze the surface...

Before the sphere exploded, popping like a bubble.

The scientists sighed, but got back to work.

They'd get their ultimate weapon, even if it killed them.

Rick walked out onto the surface platform, going to rig up the new sensor package to the new computer system. He stopped, noting that,

of the two helicopter pads, one of them had no helicopter, and recalled that it hadn't been sent out. His cup of coffee fell limply from his hands, already knowing who was responsible.

"Aw shit."

"...And over here, we have the sparring ring." Maddie outlined, gesturing to the enormous, empty clearing, scars from countless battles gouged into the earth.

Mike whistled, keeping ahead of Ghidorah as Godzilla made it a point to stand next to her, carefully watching without looking. "These are *deep*." He looked to Maddie. "Who's been fighting in this place?"

"Just Big G, mostly," Maddie answered honestly, "He's really the only one who keeps his skills up with regular exercise."

"Despite my wishes to the contrary." Godzilla rumbled.

"Quiet you," Maddie ordered, "If you had your way, you'd just be sitting around all day."

"...That's not true." Godzilla shifted.

"Oh, right, it *isn't*. If you had your way, you'd be human, and the only thing me and you would be doing is-" Maddie amended.

Godzilla looked at Ghidorah pointedly. *"Maddie, we have guests..."*

Maddie rolled her eyes, looking at Mike, who looked quite put-off. "Don't worry, don't worry, I'm just winding him up."

"...Does she have a tendency to do that?" The three heads of Ghidorah wondered in unison, looking to Godzilla.

"What, make me squirm?" Godzilla rhetorically asked. *"All the damn time. Today's extra worse because it's her birthday and we have guests."*

"Oh, really!?" San excitedly chittered. "It's our birthday too!"

Godzilla chuckled, nodding. *“Yeah, yeah... there’s an explanation for that.”* He opened his mouth, about to explain Shobijinism, before a klaxon sounded, ringing throughout the island. *“What the hell’s that about?”*

Serizawa rushed into the room, looking around frantically as the security alert sounded, the red lights flashing frantically in the hustle and bustle.

“What’s going on?” Serizawa questioned.

“One of the choppers has been stolen.” Rick replied. “Can’t figure out who would-“

Joyce let out a loud sigh, closing her eyes. “El.”

Rick blinked, looking to her. “Sorry, what?”

“It was El,” Joyce stated, “It had to have been.”

Rick snorted. “Don’t be ridiculous.”

“Oh?” Joyce crossed her arms. “So, then tell me, is she on the base?”

Rick scowled. “Of course she-“ He checked the security monitors, looking for the transponder in El’s ID, only to come up empty-handed. “...You have permission to be ridiculous.”

Joyce looked to Serizawa gravely. “She’s heading for Russia.”

The Japanese man nodded in agreement. “If her attitude towards our previous plan is any indicator, then it’s likely she’s going there to attempt a rescue on her own.” Serizawa turned to his time-trusted assistant. “Vivienne, with me.”

The woman nodded, following his lead, as he exited the command center.

“Where are you going!?” Mark demanded.

“To follow them!” Serizawa replied, throwing on a large, heavy coat over his suit.

“Wait!” Joyce moved to follow.

“Hold on,” Mark stepped in, “We need to slow down, think about this.” He told the woman, even as Serizawa and Vivienne left the room.

“Think!?” Joyce demanded incredulously. “What is there to think about!? My *daughter* has run off to another country with a sociopath on a half-baked suicide mission!”

“Yeah, *but*,” Mark interjected, “We’ve got people already going after her.”

“Already-!?” Joyce spluttered, looking to the screen as Serizawa and Vivienne hopped into the *Defiant*, taking off, with Godzilla wading into the water after them. “Oh... right.”

“This is insane.” Foster grumbled, looking to Serizawa as the bridge crew of the ship scrambled into action.

“I’m well aware.” Serizawa evenly replied. “But right now, we have to bring them home, before they can start an international incident.”

“It’s going to *be* an international incident if we just go over there, guns blazing!” Foster replied.

“Please, Captain Foster.” Vivienne pleaded. “Trust that we know what we’re doing. Or, at least, trust Godzilla.”

Foster bit her lip, searching the two’s eyes. After a moment, she sighed, nodding, and turned to the pilots. “Lock on to the stolen helicopter’s transponder, get us heading after them, ASAP.

The pilot nodded. “Roger that, ma’am.”

"I can't believe this-" Godzilla grumbled, shaking his head as he walked to the coast of the island, *"The bitch tried to kill us, now El's gone and eloped with her?"*

"G," Maddie warned him, watching as he waded into the water, "Calm down."

"Oh, I'm calm. I'm perfectly calm." Godzilla rumbled, seemingly, in fact, not calm at all.

"They're both El." Maddie reminded him. "I don't see what's got you freaked out here."

"You wanna know why I'm freaked out?" Godzilla's head snapped to look at her. *"She's already killed millions, took three other versions of El and turned them into a monster, and she tried to mind-rape ours. I'm incapable of being calm right now."* Godzilla turned back around, crossing his arms. *"Besides... call me paranoid, but I don't think Jane really has the best intentions with El... and given that I still haven't seen my doppelganger..."*

Maddie frowned. "What are you thinking?"

"...remember how we explained that mess with Starcourt?" Godzilla tried to get her to recall. *"About how the Russians used a machine under there to open the gate? You don't find it odd how the supposedly still-alive Hopper is in Russia of all places, where we know they have technology to open a gate?"*

Maddie blinked, straightening up. "You don't think she's trying to summon him *here*?"

"Of course I do." Godzilla replied. *"Jane's already asked for El's help to let him out of the void, but if I know El, she won't play ball. But, if I know Jane... she already has a backup plan."*

"Fuck. Me." Maddie cursed, rubbing her temples, recalling quite well just how murderous the bad Godzilla was. "What do we do? We've got all these titans here now, we can send them with you-"

Godzilla shook his head. *"No. They have to stay here."*

"G, don't be an idiot!" Maddie retorted. "You might not be able to stop him on your own again!"

"I know," Godzilla bowed his head down, looking at her with warm tenderness shining in his eyes, *"But if he got out and came to this island... I couldn't stand it, if anything happened to you guys."*

Maddie thinned her lips. "Yeah... I know... I know..." She swallowed, trying to put on a brave smile. He'd come out on top of every battle... but that still didn't stop her from worrying. "Be careful, 'kay big guy?"

Godzilla snorted. *"Never. But... I'll try to stay alive. Just for you."*

Maddie chuckled, despite herself. "You'd better. Else I'll get Mothra to bring you back so I can kill you again."

"10-4, boss." Godzilla rumbled.

Maddie nodded, approaching his snout, pressing a little kiss to his warm, firm scales. "Love you. Be safe."

"I love you too, Mads." Godzilla stood tall. *"Don't worry, I'll be back before you know it."* He turned around, heading fully into the water, before swimming away, heading under the surface.

Maddie sighed, turning to head back to the base. She may not be able to be with him on the battlefield... but she was going to be there in spirit, by God.

"...El," A hand gently shook her, the girl's eyes snapping open fully as she looked to the source, "We're here."

El rubbed sleep out of her eyes, looking to Jane. For the past several hours, while she'd been asleep, her mind had been active, trying to puzzle out a way to remove the... corruption from her mind. She *thought* she might've figured out a way, but...

Best wait until there was no other option. El didn't know what would happen, after all.

As such, El remained quiet, looking out of the windscreen through the thick, grey snowfall coming down in a gentle dusting, before turning to Jane. “Are you sure he’s here?”

Jane nodded. “Positive.” She answered, preparing to land the craft.

El frowned. All the movies and such she saw on TV made it seem that people had some sort of way of knowing when other people who weren’t supposed to be flying in were there. Why didn’t the Russians shoot them down yet? “Why haven’t they found us?”

“Very clever use of my powers.” Jane smiled. “There’s a whole lot more we can do than just move things and spy.”

The chopper shuddered as it settled on the ground, and Jane got up, preparing herself for the cold, handing El the materials she would need to be protected as well.

“Remember,” Jane pointedly looked to El, “I help you, and you help me, got it?”

El nodded, stepping out into the snow.

Across the frozen plains, Hopper waited for them, just needing to be rescued.

Godzilla swam faster than he ever had, jagged bony spines feeling like they were being pulled back by the sheer speed with which he moved.

He had to get to them, pronto. Never mind that they could cause a diplomatic incident, but El was in danger.

She’d saved his life, multiple times at this point... he’d do the same for her, even if it killed him.

6. The Jailbreak

Hopper wiped another small bead of sweat from his face as he continued moving down the line, driving spikes into each track with his hammer at an incredible pace. While the others were looking at him in awe, Hopper never stopped moving, like a modern-day John Henry.

This was his new normal.

After that... prisoner the Russians had thrown into his cell *with* him did that freaky spark thing, Hopper noticed some rather severe changes. He no longer got winded doing hard work, his fat burned and gave way to heavy muscles, and he felt *tough*. Ever since it happened, Hopper noticed that he'd been unable to accidentally hurt himself, no sorts of cuts or callouses came from the hard work, and he no longer got sore.

The base's alarm began to sound, and everyone dropped what they were doing, looking as the guards scrambled into action, firing their weapons at... *something*.

Hopper looked around, seeing the soldiers sprinting across the icy grass, and that's when he made his decision. Still holding onto his sledgehammer, knowing that it was the only weapon he'd have other than his fists, Hopper ran across the snowy hills, on a beeline for the tall, stone wall surrounding this place.

"Hey!" A guard bellowed, spotting Hopper, firing some warning shots in his direction.

Hopper immediately stopped, cursing to himself. His 'plan' was really stupid, in hindsight.

The guard began barking instructions at him, instructions that Hopper couldn't understand on account that he didn't speak Russian.

Oh well... if this is how he died, in a failed prison break, so be it.

Hopper closed his eyes, waiting for it to happen, as he heard a

thunderous crack...

But no bullet came.

Hopper opened his eyes to see the soldier's head had been twisted around 180 degrees, the body still in the middle of falling as he looked.

The dead Russian dropped as the sounds of gunfire, screams, and fighting ceased.

Hopper's jaw dropped as he saw the cause.

Looking back at him, face set in a myriad of emotions, El looked at him. Many expressions were going across her face at once. Disbelief, relief, shock...

In the end, El merely swallowed, looking teary. "...dad?"

Hopper took a step forward, jaw hanging open as he looked her up and down. "El..." She looked... so *different*. Taller, her hair even longer than it was when he last saw her, and she seemed to carry herself differently. "...long time."

Tears welled up in El's eyes as she approached. "You've... got no idea."

El finally got close, and Hopper threw caution to the wind, pulling her into a tight, crushing hug.

"You're here..." Hopper repeated, rocking back and forth. "You're here..." He pulled back, finally addressing her growth spurt that seemed to happen while he was in this hellhole. "You're... big."

El sniffled, her mouth tilting up somewhat. "I'm eighteen."

"...what?" Hopper asked. It couldn't have been *that* long... he couldn't have been in here for *four years*.

"It's... a long story." El tried to smile. In fairness, she *would* try to explain... but then she'd have to explain testing her stronger powers courtesy of Mothra, which would then require her to explain Mothra,

as *well* as explain Godzilla... but maybe she could just give him the cliff notes of 'been looking across dimensions, time doesn't flow the same in all, it's been four years for me, about a month for everybody else.' Regardless, it was probably *not* a conversation they wanted to be having in the middle of a Russian prison camp.

"...I missed you." El finally decided to say instead. It had felt like... like *lifetimes*. Losing her powers, being hunted by King Ghidorah, joining and helping to form Monarch, her and Maddie's search for Godzilla across the vast eternity of the countless universes...

"I missed you too, kiddo." Hopper murmured, keeping his arms wrapped tight around her.

"El!" Jane shouted, running over. "Oh... I see you found him. Good... good..."

Hopper jumped, going to look at her. "What the... hell..."

"It's a *really* long story." El looked to him, practically begging him not to ask questions until they were somewhere safe. "We'll call her my... twin, for now."

"Twin, yeah." Hopper blankly muttered. "Cause... that makes sense, sure."

Jane smiled. "Twins. That's all I've ever wanted out of you. Now... I've fulfilled my end of the deal, now yours..."

El gulped, as the moment she was dreading finally came. "We're... still not out of here." She said, trying to find any excuse to weasel out of the bargain.

"Hm..." Jane narrowed her eyes, before nodding. "Yes, you're right... you're exactly right. Come on," She turned around, "But we can make a quick, easy path out of here if you just let Gojira out."

El slowly shook her head. "No."

Jane cocked her head. "What?"

"I said no..." El stood her ground.

“Excuse me?”

“You and him have killed people, lots of people.” El growled. “You broke out yourself, and that’s okay, whatever, but I’m *not* about to be a part of this breakout.”

“...I see...” A dark shadow fell over Jane’s face as the good one of the two put herself between Hopper and Jane. Jane turned around, beginning to walk.

“Jane, stop!” El tried to get her to see reason.

“You used me.” Jane growled. “Just like all the others... I thought I could trust you... but you’re just the same as all the rest.” She clenched her fists, sending a powerful shockwave tearing forward into the high-security building nearby, cleaving through its walls.

The security personnel inside raised their weapons to fight back, but Jane simply flicked her wrist, and they were all blown back, into a red paste painting the floor.

“Jane, what are you doing!?” El demanded, using her own powers to keep herself and Hopper protected. So great was the strain, however, that El found herself unable to move, forced to watch as Jane approached the strange recreation of the Starcourt gate technology in the previously sealed-off room.

“I’d planned for this, but I’d *hoped* you’d be different.” Jane replied, glaring out of the corner of her eyes as she went to the control terminal for the device, typing in a series of commands rapidly into the system.

“Jane, we can work something out, talk about this, but for the love of God, stop!” El pleaded, Hopper falling silent in helpless confusion as Jane’s hand moved to hover over the activation button.

“The time for talking is over.” Jane growled, slamming her hand down on the activator.

The Dimension Tide whirled to life, spinning up to full power, crackling dangerously from whatever series of inputs Jane gave the device. A bolt shot out from the front, coalescing into a black sphere,

and Jane reached out mentally, grabbing onto it with her powers.

Jane sent it up, up, and up, forcing it to open wider and wider with her abilities. Eventually, the sphere stopped, being suspended in the middle of the air by Jane's immense mental ability.

El looked on in horror as she realized just what was about to come through, and she knew she had to do something *now*. With a desperate instinctiveness and crossed fingers that she wouldn't accidentally mess anything up, El reached out to Jane's mind.

The girl found the dark, ethereal root extending into her psychotic double's mind from an outside source, grabbed onto it, and *pulled*. Like a tree being uprooted, the dark corruption tried to hold on with all its might, but El?

El was *stronger* than that little bit of fibrous taint could ever hope to be, and so she kept pulling.

A deafening, hellish bellow rang throughout the area as an enormous leg emerged from the portal, taking its titanic first step onto Earth.

"Jesus!" Hopper breathed upon seeing the enormous creature's other leg emerged, followed by his torso, arms, and head. The creature's tough, geode-like skin caught the light, glistening in the sun, radiating both power and malice.

Gojira roared, the enormous, crystal spires on his shoulders flickering as he turned, beginning to walk to the closest city he could see. Now that he was out, he was wasting no time in getting to business.

"What the hell is that!?" Hopper bellowed.

El did not respond, as she was too busy trying to save Jane. With one last tug at the dark roots in Jane's mind, El withdrew, and Jane turned, slowly approaching.

El fell to the ground, looking up, feeling drained of her own energy as Jane got close.

"You could never win against us." Jane told her, standing above her with crossed arms. "People like you, who use and abuse until there's

nothing left... you're the bad guys. And bad guys always get what's coming to them."

El looked up, breathing heavily, wiping a drop of blood from her nose. "You know what... you're exactly right. Bad guys don't win. Gojira won't win either."

"Why-" Jane furiously hissed, "Do you keep fighting us, huh!? That's a genuine question, because I really can't think of anything *I've* done to you!"

"You tried to rape my mind and kill my brother." El growled.

"I *tried* to give you a home!" Jane angrily retorted, "A world where the bad guys got what was coming to them, and where people like Brenner couldn't get power, and all I wanted in return was somebody to stay with me for once! Someone who wouldn't use me! ***But you couldn't even let me have that, could you!?***"

"That's enou-" Hopper tried to speak up.

"NO!" Jane bellowed. "It's not enough! It's never enough! My whole live I've been kicked around, used, then thrown away like a piece of garbage!" She grasped the sides of her head. "The only one who understands that is Gojira!"

"Jane..." El tried to address.

"I can't hear him..." Jane realized in shock. "I can't hear him." She slowly turned to El, furious. "What did you do to me... ***WHAT DID YOU DO!?***"

El looked up, entirely calm and fearless, though not without pity. She wasn't trying to cause Jane a mental breakdown, just to get her to see... and by the way her eyes were slowly going back to their normal, natural brown...

It was starting to work.

"Gojira had a connection to you." El explained. "Like my Godzilla has with Maddie... I found it... and let you go."

“*Let me go!?*” Jane retorted furiously, hissing and pointing at El with barely contained rage. “You blocked me off from my King!”

“No,” El stood back up, keeping Hopper behind her, “What I did was find the connection he made and cut it, leaving your mind open. Open to your own thoughts, nobody else’s... for the very first time in a long time, it looks like.”

Jane opened her mouth to respond, before suddenly freezing up. There were sounds she was starting to register that she hadn’t before, along with feelings. Uncontrollable terror, screams echoing from far in the distance, as Gojira roared, stomping all underneath his feet.

“You caused this,” El told her.

Jane’s eyes went wide, horror taking root in her soul as *everything* she and Gojira had done came back to her memory, clear as day, only... without Gojira’s satisfaction tainting her perception of the events.

This... this wasn’t her. Those people she and him had killed, they’d never done anything to deserve it, not in the slightest. The only cause was Gojira’s... psychotic rage at the world around him. Not her rage. For the first time in a very long time, Jane could think without Gojira’s own imposing mind twisting her thoughts to agree with him.

And she was horrified.

“I’m sorry, Jane,” El whispered to her, “But *look* at what you’ve become.”

“I...” Jane helplessly stuttered, frozen in place by both the cold and her own terror. “I...” Her face twisted in anguish as guilt, fear, and self-hatred spread throughout her all at once, taking hold deep in her soul.

Before she could start to cry, however, a set of arms wrapped around her.

“I forgive you.” El quietly declared, holding Jane close. “I forgive you.”

“You... you hate me.” Jane sniffled, “You never wanted to stay, you

tried to kill us... you loathe me.”

El shook her head. “I didn’t want to run away because of you... but because of what you *did*... but I forgive you. For everything.” It helped, in El’s mind, that Jane *was* under duress. Had Gojira not been connected to her, then it was likely that Jane would’ve turned out like El herself.

...but all of that was irrelevant. No matter what Jane had done, or why, the simple fact was that she was forgiven.

“Thank you...” Jane blubbered like a child. “Th-Thank you...”

“Girls,” Hopper interjected, confused, weirded out, but most of all wanting to get the hell out of dodge, “I hate to break this up, but maybe we should get *going*—”

“Right, right.” El nodded. “The helicopter’s this way.”

The trio began to run, across the snowy field, back towards their escape route.

Gojira bellowed with fury, feeling Jane’s mental presence vanish all together. From his perspective, it felt as though she died, and that only enraged him further. A building was crushed under his heel, and he continued moving, with no destination in particular set.

Suddenly, he felt something strike him, and he turned around, feeling his crystalline cells jolt as they absorbed an enormous blast of power.

Standing far in the distance, in the bay, was Godzilla. And though he seemed angry, he only seemed confused as Gojira tanked his atomic breath like it was nothing.

Gojira grinned, firing his own breath, a beam hotter than the blazing corona of a star, and Godzilla brought his arms up to try and block it...

Godzilla achieved no success as the hot beam carved into him, digging into his torso, sending him flying back into the water. The

many gallons of liquid flash evaporated as Godzilla's searing flesh hit them, and he sank, quickly becoming inert.

Gojira chuckled, slamming his feet into the ground, sending small shards of his crystal into them. They began to draw on the elements and materials within, growing and replicating themselves quickly, forming huge, towering spires that formed into a shape.

Other crystals clawed their way out of the ground, having taking on a myriad of shapes. Crystal Servum, slaves that were extensions of Gojira's own being, assumed many different physical types. Some were the size and shape of the lowly human, but seemed to be made from perfectly clear glass. Others were fliers, like dragons the size of an eagle compared to their master. Others were suited to the water, great whales that pulled themselves along with skeletal hands toward the ocean...

And all of them obeyed Gojira.

Gojira took a deep breath, and let out a roar. A deafening, charged screech that echoed throughout the globe, bouncing off cliffs, through the air, touching the most remote and deepest parts, letting the planet know who the new ruler in charge was, before he sat on his throne, victorious.

Author's Note:

Here be my [Tumblr](#)